ATTENTION

SEXUAL ORIENTED
MATERIAL ENCLOSED.

PLEASE DISCARD IF
NOT REQUESTED.

NOT FOR SALE
TO MINORS.

WHITEHOUSE

PARASITE

You like that don't you? You like that don't you.

You cheap prostitute. You cheap slag. You cheap fucking whore.

William's right in front of this girl who's sat politely in her chair. William had to literally plow through the row to get to her. This being what looks like an old movie theatre -a nice place, plush seats fixed to the floor, a high proper stage and pro lights, etc. So the girl just sits there and stares at him. She may not know English but she, no question, understands William now. He grabs her breast. Again. Hard. And leans into her face.

Her boyfriend does nothing. William looks over at him and smiles.

She likes that doesn't she?

The boyfriend nods yes.

Later Philip will tear through the Parisian sheep doing the exact same thing. And as soon as someone disagrees with him, there's an entire pool of Irish thug launched to his side.

And in Newcastle, William ended up singing Right To Kill to me, David Tibet and the thug 'cause the entire audience left. After the would-be-defender of the object of William's affection objected with a hard punch to William's face. Only to be pounced on by the smiling thug and systematically crushed. The girl, the object, got slapped when she told William to fuck off. 'Cause William was, once again, in her face. As was Philip and Kevin. And she thought she was up to it 'cause she sat in the front row.

In Chicago, some lunatic cunt bolted on the stage, shrieking and screaming about Women's rights, and was similarly dispatched.

In Kansas, a crowd of misfits attacked the stage and pulled the tables underneath the Wasps apart.

Fights in front of the band in Paris spilled onto the stage. In Detroit, an armed guard had to be hired to police the audience and protect the band. Whitehouse performed with this cop walking back and forth in the moat between band and crowd.

And most recently, in Tokyo, the table beneath one of the Wasps ended up being dragged off the stage and pounded on by over enthusiastic kill-eyed kids.

There's just always going to be someone who doesn't get the point.

If the mewlings of Jeffrey Dahmer's father are to be believed, Jeffrey was worth as much as his victims at the time of his death. The ubiquitous Lionel Dahmer featured on Hard Copy, Current Affair and Rolanda just days after the murder of his son has been barking off the importance of his son's acceptance and baptism into the church of christ.

Jeffrey's mother, the just back from the brink of suicide Joyce Flint, has been a bit more entertaining:

"Now is everybody happy? Now that he's bludgeoned to

STILL GOING STRONG is available through Impulse Publications at 41 Quarrendon Rd, Amersham, Bucks, HP7 9EF, England. Originally published as a numbered edition of 350, the first edition included a cassette of total idiots doing cover versions of Whitehouse songs. The second edition (also limited to 350) is preferable due to the absence of the cassette. The first book to be published on Whitehouse was a massive tome that attempted to collect all available interviews, reviews and live action flyers along with full reprints of every issue of The Come Organisation magazine KATA. Privately published by Strength Through Joy Productions in 1986, edited by John Hubbard and titled BIRTH/DEATH, this 350 page bible is long out of print and currently commands a high price on the collectors' market.

Susan Lawly, like Come Organisation, has a long history of making available to the dedicated fan, cassette recordings of every live action ever performed by Whitehouse. These items, along with t-shirts, badges, etc. are only available

death, is that good enough for everyone?"
(as reported inJeffrey's cover story in the December 12, 1994 issue of People)

Unfortunately, the vocal family members of Jeffrey's victims have been a disappointment. An ugly coterie of them have also been making the talk show and news rounds in the wake of Jeffrey's bloody bashing. And, of course, everyone wants to talk to the blank pig nigger that screeched ghetto sludge "Motherfucker" during Jeffrey's trial, so Rita Isbel has been afforded all sorts of quick press. And while she and her new found friends in trade make noise about the rights to Jeffrey's auctionable possessions, the pity they look for is sadly easy and empty. The stunted eyelids, greasy deep craggy scowls and slanted low foreheads all pretend to care about their missing sons and brothers and cousins. The thick liver lips and yellow teeth of walking zombie dogs slide off rusted crack pipe sucking tongues and mimic emotions barely understood. They talk of the pain that loved ones go through and the pain that they live on with. But the desired effect just is not there. These animals didn't care about their kind. These are vultures in loose fitting white mother masks. And the few that do suffer, did care, are drowned out by the cackle and caw of those fat and greedy bullies whose pea-brained survival instincts are set to ghetto style. In short, the entertainment value is remarkably similar to sitting in a movie theatre in Chicago where a small group of spillage from the projects loudly proclaims their nigger-dom. Funny and charming in the way the animals react to their white surroundings with hatred that shows only how sad and silly they are, but quickly irritates as they won't shut up. So you go get the usher, or ignore them.

Donahue did a special as well.

Some people just don't get the point. Some are simply mistaken. While others don't know what they're dealing with. Like telling a group of women all sat in a circle of folding chairs in the middle of a cold school room at night: you're survivors not victims.

Like in the new issue of VOX (January 1995) that sells itself with a blood spattered Quentin Tarantino cover and a promise for "Ultraviolence in music and the movies". Inside, one finds most of the hawking is for the shit film Natural Born Killers (just released in Britain) and a bit on the equally shit film Pulp Fiction. Here's another chance for a rundown of serial killer movies (featuring more shit like Henry and Manhunter) and moronic rock stars who've incorporated murder into their cheap personality parades. Axl Rose and Perry Farrell are niggers in the theatre. As is Henry Rollins. The only point of interest is the brilliant Manic Street Preachers,whose Nicky Wire gets it all confused:

"These days, if you're in a band you're expected to be incredibly right on. But unfortunately I come from a real place and I'm not divorced from reality and to a lot of ordinary people it is horrendous that a rapist can be fined £500, and I feel the same way. It's got nothing to do with being a fucking Tory, it's just how a lot of people feel. The cult of the serial killer has got to such proportions where they are made into heroes for people to live vicariously through that we wanted to say something directly against it. There's nothing good in them. That Therapy? line, "I know how Jeffrey Dahmer feels..." Do you really? I find it distasteful."

Sometimes you gotta work at it. Sometimes what the mouth is saying is not what the brain is telling and the lies that directly through the labels. The full length records and compact discs are distributed through the usual channels whenever possible -Whitehouse have a history of problems with the so-called underground or alternative distributors often refusing to carry their work. And in some cases, like Rough Trade UK with Come Organisation and more recently, Cargo US with Susan Lawly, refusing to sell the Whitehouse material was not enough. Both neo-hippy organizations and their remarkably similar right-on protected mama's boys actively campaigned against the band, doing their best to shut down other areas of distribution as well as local live actions.

The new releases; EXTREME MUSIC FROM JAPAN (slcd008), TOTAL SEX (slcd009) and the eponymous Sutcliffe Jugend compilation (slcd010) are available through Susan Lawly at p.o. box 914, Edinburgh, Scotland, EH17 8BF. Susan Lawly also publishes a Whitehouse newsletter. The CD single of DICTATOR is only available to members of the Japanese fan club ("Fanatics"); further information can be obtained through Susan Lawly.

A quick cast over the Whitehouse discography will tell you that they're the only band you'll ever need: ON TOP. ULTRASADISM. SHITFUN. DEDICATED TO PETER KURTEN. INCEST violent sex then it's obvious our music will be a turn-on for them.

I'm not talking about the sort of violence that the police commit e.g. when they pick someone off the street, beat him up and lock him up. The sort of violence I'm talking about is personal, intimate violence that satisfies lust."

As entertaining as the circus that surrounds each Whitehouse action is, the real muscle of the band is simply in their releases. And the latest crop of plastic bullets from their label, Susan Lawly, are fortuitous examples of the band's wide range of predilections and interests.

First off, comes the re-release on cd of their second album TOTAL SEX. That the release is over ten years old and still sounds more brutal than any band's work on the market today is a sad and enlightening fact. That the record displays a completely different side of William's tastes than his current concerns and still explodes with the same thrills it did as when it was first released is an even more exciting fact.

Second comes the first proper release of Sutcliffe Jugend aside from the cassettes that Whitehouse's first label, Come Organisation, made available years and years ago. A 75 minute VFM compact disc of Kevin Tomkin's best moments -some never before released in any form- point to Kevin's nascent genius before his role as perfect foil and collaborator to William's super trio formation (along with Consumer Electronics' rabid Philip Best) of Whitehouse circa 1984. Songs like PLEASURE CORPSE, WOMBAPHILIA and SLOW TORTURE serve exactly what they promise. No posturing. No games or oblique messages. Nothing extra.

Then there's the EXTREME MUSIC FROM JAPAN compilation. Japan has recently spawned a bastion of healthy violent eruptions from the youth there. Focused mainly on ear-splitting agression and obsessively loud attacks of pure noise. And while worthless used art students like Thurston Moore tried to take credit for being these bands' primary influence, there is only one comparison. And one all of the Japanese bands admit to with glee: Whitehouse.

But fans of this noise, like Thurston and even more irritating blobs like Bill Laswell and the jazz/punk fanzine dork parade may have been quick to accept these noise workers due to their quirky western parodies and general lack of content. Leave it to William Bennett then to add the content and turn most of the everyday violence into something much more personal and exacting. William commissioned French artist Romain Slocombe to come up with examples of his incredible paintings and photos of Asian women inbetween bondage and hospital, all heavily fetishized and cold, and packaged it alongside the aural blasts of loud freaks Masonna, Merzbow, Gerogerigegege and others. Some of these artists are aware of their work in greater planes (like the three already mentioned) while others seem uninterested or reactionary. Either way the grand effect of the compilation, due to William's sense of purpose and style, becomes less a collection and more a concentrated rape.

And finally comes the latest Whitehouse release. A cd single, available only in Japan as a very limited edition, of a brand new version of DICTATOR -a track off their latest lp: HALOGEN. This version being a perfect example (not that you're looking for examples) of Whitehouse increasing the pressure, increasing the violence and brutality. Produced, like HALOGEN, by Steve Albini and William Bennett, this second version is completely different than the first. Another assault from a group that proves "Twice Is Not Enough" and never the same as it was the first time around.

Music is forever cheap. Because the losers who make it, sell it and appreciate it have cheap minds and cheap tastes. Whitehouse do something much more important, and real, than just music, ironically because the cheapists just do not get it.

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c. Peter Sotos, 1994

tainment, or sadism, or man's inhumanity or hypocrisy, or sexual mores, morals or meanings. That erudite concerns and statements can be extracted from their work is in the motivations (however justified) of their fans. Whitehouse's concerns are their understanding of their tastes. And the band stands alone in their ability to apply these tastes without exploiting or mimicking them. Whitehouse remain as pure as their impulses. But their history and their reputation seems to be fostered largely by those who misunderstand it.

In the introduction to STILL GOING STRONG (the second book to be published on Whitehouse) editor Mark Crumby writes:

"For well over ten years now, the music and philosophy of Whitehouse, and William Bennett in particular has fascinated (and also upset) a great many people. Listeners either form the point of view that they are repulsive, fascist, violent and sexist individuals who create unlistenable, unpleasant music, or that they are just people with a strong interest in trying to open people's minds and to expand their ideas and acceptance of sex, violence and other taboo subjects."

He goes on to say that in the space between now and the time Whitehouse started, a more generalized acceptance of violence has crept into all forms of the media and that new rap acts like Ice T and 2 Live Crew have lyrics that "could put Whitehouse to shame". Mr. Crumby is wrong. But primarily in his understanding of violence, not necessarily in his understanding of Whitehouse. 2 Live Crew and Ice T, just like the lyrics of most death metal bands or shlock industrial vampire poseurs, speak about a very different brand of violence or sadism or sexuality than Whitehouse. Whitehouse with its myriad tastes and subjects and references are nonetheless impeccably specific. 2 Live Crew and Ice T and the other debris who are casually seen to be "violent" are merely part of a shotgun effect that pantomines political or social outrage or natural ghetto selection. Angry reactionaries maybe; legitimized only by their easily commodified victimization. Crumby's appreciation of Whitehouse as taboo breakers or cultural batterers is justified, but his idea that those aspects of Whitehouse's personality are more important than, say other more salient if not prurient aspects, says more about Mr. Crumby's motivations than Whitehouse's.

Given the impressive breadth of STILL GOING STRONG it is indeed amazing that so much still seems cloudy about Whitehouse. But this is testament to the band's unique and far-reaching importance. William Bennett is blindingly succinct and honest in his interviews. His fans, apologists and antagonists are far less so. In fact, anyone who is concerned over a sad attempt at objectivity on my part, having been a member of the band for quite some time (but a fan for much more), need only look to the astounding contradictions of those of us who have been involved peripherally over the years. To wit Glen Michael Wallis who would seem clueless and the nerdish ramblings of the henpecked Stefan Jaworzyn.

STILL GOING STRONG seeks to chart the lusty path that Whitehouse has laid in its fourteen years of existence. Editor Crumby has elected to pore through the mountains of reviews and interviews amassed over Whitehouse's history and collated the more striking and loaded ones. And although the reviews are interesting, first due to the amusing degree of ire and moral speculation on the reviewer's parts, and second due to the rather incredible amount of misinformation; it's the interviews that prove most worthwhile. So rare is the group that delivers the goods on record and can back up that delivery with consistently fulfilled promises of more and better things in the future.

"The Whitehouse music isn't trying to communicate anything as far as to people ....what people get out of it is up to them. I play that sort of music because I enjoy that sort of music, it gives me great pleasure to perform live or do it in the studio or even to listen to the records. People may get a similar thing out of it, but there's no message. The only philosophy I follow regards to this is pleasure, there's no compromise and if people don't like it, then fine."

And

"This music isn't governed by whether the listener's violent or not. The most violent audience I've ever encountered were country fans in America, that really scared me. The Sex Pistols have the impression of brutality during their shows, but they were really peace-loving people who were seen all over London. It's certainly much more dangerous to go to a normal disco than to go to a punk concert. Our songs don't explicitly ask the listener to do anything. But if someone likes swim in rationale are even more exciting. Sometimes it's obvious, sometimes it's just not there:

"Dear Peter,

Enclosed for you is a demo tape of the type of material we do. Let me know what you think. We are a combination of sexual/violent themes blended with harsh sounds and humor."

And

"After a while he starts feeling short changed. Nothing takes it far enough, not to where he wants to go, which is as far away from his own reality as possible.

So he has a brainstorm. How come he don't do it himself? Why not come up with something so decidedly different, something so sensational it truly takes you away? He comes up with a freakshow documentary for the less than hardy types who'd rather read about it than do it themselves."

(Lydia Lunch, IN DEFENCE OF FILTH, published in the June 14, 1984 NME)

"See, uh, one of the reasons I even wanted to be in a band had to do with the fact that there were so many sucky boys making boring music that I completely didn't relate to at all. And, uh, you know, I was working at this rape relief/ domestic violence shelter called Safeplace (in Olympia,WA) and I was, like, learning more there than I probably ever had, and all this stuff was happening in my head and I was needing to turn my rage into something other than self-destruction and I thought maybe music would be a good way to get that out, like cheap therapy ...and, uh, also I was really frustrated cuz a lot of rocker chicks/punk girls that I knew, including me, had, like, pretty extensive histories in terms of dealing with male violence only very few of us were able to talk about it or reach out to our friends/communities for help. And so I was, like thinking that if I sang about some of this stuff that it might let certain girls (ladies, women) know that I was someone who was interested in "dealing", and that maybe in this way I could start passing on some of what I was learning at Safeplace."

(Kathleen from Bikini Kill on her first band Viva Knieval, from a flyer in the BOY POISON 7" on Ultra Sound Records.)

There are those that stand there in feet as filthy as yours but somehow think they're standing somewhere else entirely. The thoughts that cloud their minds and fuel their fingers are doing something rather different, as if intent is all that matters.

Hopefully there is a difference. Someone is wrong. Which is why there are closets. And you've gotten used to that. Karen Finley's whoring all the same themes and, perhaps more importantly, words on her new cd A CERTAIN LEVEL OF DENIAL:

"After she was raped she took all of her paintings and underwear and clothing and sheets and burned them.

She burned them in a garbage can in an alley, somewhere between Lunt and Greenleaf streets near the train, so she could scream as the train passed.

Please don't tell me that they are doing it to themselves. That you are doing it to yourself. Burning and looting.

You realize that the only way that America responds is through violence. Through violence."

And there's a compilation FEAR OF LIVING on Pow Wow Records so you can hear her shrill baglady pitch: "HOW 'BOUT I SUCK YOUR DICK". And you know she hates it.

Cheap.

And damaged. Used. Truly fucking stepped on, in the best

2. RAVENSBRUCK. PLEAZURE FUR FRAUEN. BLOODFUCKING. YOU DON'T HAVE TO SAY PLEASE. HUNGRY FOR PAIN. ANKLES & WRISTS. TWICE IS NOT ENOUGH. ASKING FOR IT. VULGAR.

Or you can hunt and peck:

"As they carried things out, Judy discovered a Polaroid of her sister, naked from the waist up, grinning at the camera. Her upper torso was literally covered with black-and-blue bruises. Judy quietly slipped the photograph into her purse. She decided to keep it forever to remind herself of the hell Nancy's life had become."

(KILLING SEASON, Carlton Smith, Onyx)

"And so he unlocked us and he tied us up and put us in separate rooms. And then he brought me into the kitchen, he got a knife, and he stuck it up to my throat and he walked back to where Lynn was on the floor and he says 'Tell her not to try anything.' And I said, 'Lynn, don't try anything. He's got a knife up to my throat' And then he says, 'And I will kill her'.

Then he brought me back to the room... had me tied down with my feet and my hands together behind me. And then he ripped my clothes off. Then he just picked me up by the arm and dragged me into another room and threw me on the bed.

He put a gag in my mouth and a pillow-

cases. And in the worst, artfully hidden, denied and thoughtfully forgotten.

"Violence against women", the fat dumb time waster starts but doesn't finish.

You can hear his mind stutter. The dim power light flickering desperately into a cold lonely grey.

He looks down and even more quietly mutters again "Violence against women."

"Is what?"

This has angered him. You're not in the position to be a smart ass.

"Is illegal."

"Where? In Toronto or Chicago?"

"This is U.S. Customs, sir."

Your mind reels into all that's safe and protected and legal. What you want and what you can have. What you can squeak by with and what you'll just have to do without. You remember the details of how you got what you think is suspicious; as if those anecdotes will help minimize the damage. And, for fuck's sake, if you really wanted something like what they're looking for, you wouldn't have settled for something as lame as that.

You know, officer, there's a lovely scene in this movie I just saw. It's so Hollywood I'm more embarrassed about having to confess watching the movie than to any obnoxious peccadillo. But I'll cut to the quick: there's this fucking unbelievable scene where this little painted cunt is walking towards you -the camera- -me- on this pier. And she's about eleven or ten. Her character and her real person. I figure, 'cause she's as flat as a board. 'Cept for these pinchy little hard nipples pushing straight up through her wet tight wonderful bathing suit. Pinkish red over her small tight frame and you can see that triangle -that patch- that bald or barely-there lump just above that sealed tighter than a well healed scar cunt. Cunt, you know? Mound of Venus? Better? Just there pushed right out and heavy and compact and childish and those baby nipples and -I don't go for that innocence bullshit- do you? Especially since the darling's part is to play a bitchy little camp brat. Mercedes McNab -I memorized her name as soon as I saw it in the end credits. Burnt a hole right through my eyes down my gut and out my piss hole all over my pause button you know? I mean, I hope to fuck she isn't innocent. Hollywood and a stage mom, or better yet, a stage dad. You gotta rent it. Makes the movie.

You know that scene in STREETWISE when Tiny waves down a customer. Wave is, of course, the wrong word. She just barely wiggles her fingers as her arms are folded in front of her face. And she gives such a quick brutal cutting look as she keys in on the John. Not a look that hates. Unfortunately. But rather a look that says available. And actually: cheap. When she gets in the car she puts her head down -you know, out of the way. How close is she to that old grey fuck's old cock and balls at that moment? How quick does that fucker's works get into her mind to replace the cops and whatever weird street sense of propriety? How soon is she casting and jerking and eating or hating and hurting and speeding or watching a finger slide in and out of her ugly stinking disease swimming fucked all open cunt?

There's that other movie -also a favorite- though it's nicer when they're documentaries like Tiny's entire fucking life. But a dear is made to strip off her seventh grader clothes for a camera. It's about child pornography and the case or something over my head. And he started fooling around down there. And with my chest. And then he made me ...um... he made me suck his dick.

And then ...um..and then he, he left me there and he says, 'Don't try anything or I'll kill you'. He kept telling us that. Then he went into her (Lynn's) room and whatever happened I don't know. He went back and forth from me and Lynn and he made us do stuff to him. She said she couldn't breathe and he said 'Shut up'. You know, or something, and then he came back into my room ...Then he made me get (sic) oral sex and then he did the same to me and with his fingers... He made me do it again. And then he, I remember he told me that we'd be there for two or three days. That he was planning on keeping us there." (INNOCENT PREY, Bernie Ward, Pinnacle)

"Straddling my chest, he jiggles his limp penis in the direction of my mouth. I am repulsed and tightly close my eyes, turn my head away and hope I will awaken any moment from this bad dream. I don't. His hips slide down lower on my body so that we are now face to face. The touch of his hand transports me back to reality, as he turns my face towards him. He bends over in an attempt to kiss me, but I manage to turn my head before his lips can touch mine. Frustrated, he shifts his attention to my ear and begins licking the outer part in a slow, circular motion, then pushes his tongue inside. My stomach heaves and I staunchly fight the urge to vomit. It is the only control I seem to have over my body.

He reaches down and I feel him insert two fingers inside my vagina, arrogantly commenting, 'You like it, baby, and you know it.' The nausea returns. He scoots further down my body. I cringe as he tries pushing his penis inside me. After much effort, he is still flaccid but achieves a slight penetration. After a few minutes, he complains that I am not moving around enough to please him and directs me to move my hips more. I try to move a little more to keep him from getting angry with me.

Maybe to distract him; maybe to distract myself from what is taking place; I don't know why, but I begin talking to him. I tell him I am feeling faint from losing so much blood and complain my injured finger is throbbing with pain. He seems unconcerned and continues to attempt a full penetration." (STALKED, La Vonne Skalias, The Summit Group)

Mary Vincent was the subject of a December edition of AMERICAN JOURNAL: "This isn't living, this is existing."

actress just cries and frets and acts scared and TV hurt and attacked and all the rest of those schoolgirl psych-theories and pat answers. But it's the actress (either Dana Hill or Melinda Dillon, I suspect the latter) that wins the tissue that gets crumpled in one hand and flushed down the toilet. Makes you want to believe in method acting all the more. What did she learn. Or visualize. At least; park her fattish ass in front of an old European loop or two and think: suddenly, cock, mouth, no tits, no deep worn chewed up pit all covered in slime and need and sickness. She doesn't know whether or not to swallow. She doesn't know why the decision would be important; doesn't know what you're doing -either way- means at all. But, prayer upon prayer, she feels that moral decline and victim's status deep down in her only forming soul.

There are those tender little moments where the littlest bit of action isn't a tease, or a frustrating glimpse into what could've been. Those short shots where time isn't important; where even the briefest bit is all you need to celebrate everything. The reality lives on through even the most precious and guarded sight by filling your mind and being with breathing and churning fact. Truth. Not colored dots or actors playing at their craft and paychecks or writers sleepwalking on an artism. Reality not removed or shared or voyeured but lived and living. Seething.

Tiny can do whatever mundane things she has to do. Ms Ann West can as well. Malcolm McDowell can not. Drew Barrymore can not. Linda Lovelace can. Peter Sutcliffe can find god and his girlfriend's got a brand new set of saline tits, Dahmer only finds god. There are good victims and innocent victims; there are tools and those that still manage.

Then there are those that glide through the years never to put a foot wrong. Or at least, regardless of what outside forces act against its drive, to remain forever pure.

Chuck Traynor is again featured in the latest issue of CELEBRITY SLEUTH (vol.8, no.1) in a four page tribute to Linda's stomach scars. Color reprints of the photos first published in HUSTLER in black & white, one shouldn't pass up the chance to see Linda's hippy smile and Chuck's cock together in the same shot, no matter what the connection.

And Whitehouse. Whitehouse have the distinction of probably being the only music group that actually deserve to exist. And after more than fourteen years they still remain true to that weight.

Because unlike the fucking pathetic little faggots who strap on guitars or FX pedals or attitudes and pretend to say anything about something; Whitehouse alone embody their intentions. Whitehouse don't worry about making a statement. They don't concoct a scheme to enlighten or prove or highlight. And it is only due to the sick state of the marketplace with its drippy apologists and reactionary art students that Whitehouse ends up standing alone; looking as if their independence, sheer bloody-mindedness and keen cutting focus are their raison d'etre. Whitehouse's absolute control of their work, their underground megalomania and taboo smashing philosophies exist because they have to. But they are by-products of their interests and tastes. Whitehouse know that the underground exists because of a natural separation and disinterest in the mainstream. Because of its precise and refined pursuits.

Whitehouse don't seek to comment on the need for an alternative, just as they don't seek to comment ON enter-